



The Picture of a Picture: or, The Character of a Painted Woman.



He is a creature, that had need to be twice defined; for she is not that she seemes. And though shee be the creature of God, as she is a woman, yet is she her owne creature, as a picture. Indeed a plaine woman is but halfe a painted woman, who is both a Substantive and an Adjective, and yet not of the Neuter Gender: but a Feminine as well consoing with a Masculine, as *Iwe* with an *Ash*. She loues grace so well, that she will rather die, then lacke it. There is no truth with her to favour, no blessing to beautie, no conscience to contentment. A good face is her god: and her cheeke well died, is the idoll, she doth so much adore. Too much loue of beautie, hath wrought her to loue painting: and her loue of painting hath transformed her into a picture. Now her thoughts, affections, talke, studie, worke, labour, and her very dremes are on it. Yet all this makes her but a *cynamon tree*, whose bark is better then her body, or a peice of *gilded copper* offed for current gold.

Shee loues a true looking-glaſſe, but to mende age, wants and wrinkles, because otherwise she cannot see to lay her falſhood right. Her body is (I weene) of Gods making: and yet it is a question; for many parts thereof she made her ſelfe. View her well, and you'll ſay her beautie's ſuch, as if ſhe had bought it with her pennie. And to please her in euery of her toies, would make her maide runne beſides her wits, if ſhe had any. She's euer amending, as a begger's a peicing, yet is ſhe for all that no good penitent. For ſhe loues not weeping. Teares and mourning would marre her making: and ſhe ſpends more time in powdring, pranking and painting, then in praying. She's more in her oyntments a great deale, then in her orizons. Her religion is not to liue well, but *dewell*. Her prieſt is not to pray well, but to paint well. She loues confectiones better a great deale, then confeſſions; and delights in facing and feaſting more, then faſting. Religion is not in ſo great requeſt with her, as riſches: nor wealth ſo much as worship.

She neuer chides ſo heartily, as when her box is to ſecke, her powder's ſpilt, or her clothes ill ſet on. A good bed-friend ſhe's commonly, delighting in ſheets mote, then in ſhoes, making long nights, and ſhort daies. All her infections are but to gaine affections; for ſhee had rather die, then liue and not please. Her lips ſhe laies with ſo fresh a red, as if ſhe ſang, *John come kiffe me now*. Yet it's not out of loue, excepting ſelfe-loue, that ſhe ſo ſeekes to please, but for loue, nor from honesty, but for honour: tis not pietie, but praise that ſpurres her. She ſtudies to please others, but because ſhe would not be diſpleaſ'd her ſelfe. And ſo ſhe may fulfill her owne fancy, ſhe cares not who else ſhe doth beſoole.

A name ſhe prefers to nature, and makes more account of fame, then faith. And though ſhee doe affect singularitie, yet ſhe loues pluralitie of faces. She is nothing like her ſelfe, ſauie in this, that ſhe is not like her ſelfe. Tho the be not out of her wits, yet ſhe is beſides her ſelfe. She ſeldome goes without a paire of faces, and ſhee's furniſht with ſtuffe to make more, if neede be. She ſaies, a good Archer muſt haue two strings to his bow, but ſhe hath hers bent both at once: yet you muſt not ſay, ſhe weareſ two faces vnder one hood; for that ſha's left long ſince to i hankes, and hath got her heade ure, that pleaſes her better, not because better, but never. Her owne sweete face is the book ſhe moſt lookeſ uppon; this ſhe readeſ ouer duly every morning, ſpecially if ſhe be to ſhew her ſelfe abroad that day: and as her eie or chambermaid teacheſ her, ſometimes ſhee blots out pale, and writes red. The face ſhe makes i th day, ſhe vially marrs i th night, and ſo it's to make a new the next day. Her haire's ſeldome her owne, or if the ſubſtance, then not the ſhew, and her face likē her not, if not borrowed. And as for her head, that's dreſt, and hung about with toies and deuifes, like the ſigne of a Tauerne, to draw on ſuch as ſee her. And ſometimes is written on her forehead, as on the *Dolfin at Cambridge* in capitall letters, & pithi, & apithi, like or looke of. She's marriageable, and fifteene at a clap, and afterwards ſhe doth not liue, but long. And if ſhe ſuruiue her husband, his going is the comming of her teares, and the going of her teares, is the comming of another husband; 'Tis but in dock, outnotile. By that time her face is mended, her forrow's ended.

There's no physiſke ſhe ſo loues, as *face-physiſk*: and but affiſe her ſheeſt ne're need otherwhiſe ſhe liues, and ſhee'l die for ioy. Rather then ſhe'll leaue her yellow bands, and giue o're her pride, ſhe will not ſtiche to deny, that Miftris *Turner* ſpake againſt them when ſhe died. Her deuotion is fine apparel deere bought, and a fine face lately borrowed, and newly ſet on: These carry her to Church, and cleereher of *ccufancy*. Once in, ſhe vnpins her maske, and caſles for her booke, and now ſhe's free. And if ſhe haue any more deuotion, ſhe lifts vp a certaine number of eies towards the Preacher, riſes vp, stands a while, and lookeſ about her: then turning her eyes from beholding vanities (ſuch as ſhe her ſelfe brings with her) ſhe ſits downe, falles a nodding, measures out a nap by the hower-glaſſe, and awakes to ſay, *Am: n.* She delights to ſee, and to be ſene: for her labour's more then halfe lost, if no body ſhould looke vpon her. She takes a iouraey now and then to viſit a friend, or ſee a coſin: but ſhe neuer trauels more merrily, then when ſhee's going to London. London hath her heart. The *Exch ange* is the *Temple* of her *Idols*. In London ſhe buyed her *head*, her *face*, her *faſhion*. O London, thou art her *Paraife*, her *Heauen*, her *Al in al*.

If ſhe be unmarried, ſhe deſires to be miſtiken, that ſhe may be taken. If married to an old man, ſhe is rather a *Reede* and a *Rack* vnto him, then a *Staffe* and a *Chaire*, a troule rather then a friend, a corrouſe, not a comfort, a conſumption, not a couſel colour. The vtmoſt reach of her *Prouidence*, is but to be counted *Lonely*, and her great ſt *Envie* is at a fairer face in her next neighbour; this, if any thing, makes her haue ſore eyes. She is little within her ſelfe, and hath ſmall content of her owne; and therefore is ſtill ſeeking, rachher, then enioyng. All is her owne, you ſee, and yet in trueth nothing is her own almost you ſee; not her head, her haire, her face, her ſent, nay, not her breath alwaies. She hath purchased *Lips*, *haire*, *hands*, *veines* and *beautie* more, then nature gaue her, and with theſe ſhe hopes to purchase loue. For in being beloued conſiſts her life; ſhe is a *Fiſh*, that would faine be taken: a *Bird*, that had rather a great deale be in the hand, then in a bush. The purchases, ſhe vſes to make, are not of lands, but *looks*; not of liues, but *loues*. Yet vſually the loue ſhe meets with, is as changeable as her face, and will not tarry on her, though ſhe die for it. She ſpends more in *face-physiſk* and trifles, then in feeding the poore. And ſo ſhee may be admired her ſelfe, ſhe cares not, though all her neighbours round about her were counted *Kitchin ſtuffe*. A good hufwife takes not more pleasure in dressing her garden with varietie of hearbs and flowers, then ſhe in tricking her ſelfe with toyes and gauds. Here ſhe is costly, if any where. 'Tis her grace to be gay and gallant. And indeed like an *Oſtrich*, or *Bird of Paradiſe*, her feathers are more worth then her body. The worſt peecce about her is in the middefte. For the *Taylor*, and her *Chamber-maide*, and her *owne ſkill*, even theſe three, are the chiefeliſt cauſes of all her perfections. Not *truths*, but *shadowes* of trutheſ ſhe is furniſht with; with ſeeming truths, and with ſubſtantiall lies. Yet with all her faire ſhewes, ſhe is but like a peice of *course cloth* with a *fine glaſſe*, or faire die; or as the herbe *Molio*, which carries a flower as white as ſnow, but is carried vpon a roote as blacke as *inke*.

Her firſt care in the moring is to make her a good face and her laſt care in the euening, is to haue her box, and all her implements ready againſt the next moring. Shee is ſo curiuous, and full of busiſſe, that two ſuch in a houſe, would keepe the nimbleſt-fingered Girle in the Parish ſhee liues in, from making her ſelfe one croſſe-cloth in a twelue-moneth. She is ſo deepe in loue with toyes, that without them ſhe is but halfe her ſelfe: and halfe ones ſelfe, you know, is not ones ſelfe. She loofes her ſelfe in her ſelfe, that ſhe may find her ſelfe in a *Picture*. Her trade is tinckturing, and her luſtre is her life. You kill her, if you will not let her die. The *Hyacinth*, or *Heliotropium*, followes not the *Sunne* more duly, then ſhe *Vanitie*. Pride, which is accidental to a woman, and hatefull to a vertuous woman, is essentiall to her. Her godlineſſe is not to doe well, but to goe well. Her care is not to liue well, but to looke well. And yet if ſhee liue well, ſhe'll giue you leaue to chide her, if ſhe looke ill. She ſo affects the titles of *illuſtrious* and *gracious*, that ſhe carries them alwaies in print about her. Her *imagination* is euer stirring, and keepes her mind in continual motion, as fire doth the pot a playing, or as the weights do the iacke in her kitchin. Her deuifes follow her ſanſie, as the motion of the *Seas* doe the *Moone*. And nothing pleaſes her long, but that, which pleaſes her ſanſies, with one of which ſhe drives out another, as boies doe pellmell in *Elderne gunnes*. She thinkes 'tis ſafe to ſay, that any woman liuing can be damned for theſe deuifes: and it may be true ſhe thinks. For ſo long as ſhe liues, ſhe cannot: but if ſhe die in them, there's the queſtion.

Shee's euer busie, yet neuer leſſe busie, then when ſhe's beſt busie. Shee ſalwaies idle, yet neuer leſſe idle, then when ſhe is moſt idle. Once a yeere at leaſt ſhe would faine ſee London, tho when ſhe comes there, ſhe hath nothing to do, but to leaerne a new fashion, and to buy her a perwigge, powder, ointments, a feather, or to ſee a play. One of her, beſt vertues is, that ſhe respects none that paint: and the reward of her painting, is to be reſpected of none that paint not. If ſhe be a *Maiden*, ſhe would faine be rid of that charge. If a *widow*, ſhee's but a *counterfeſt relique*: 'twere too groſſe ſuperiſtion but to kiffe or touch her. Old-age ſtill ſteales vpon her vnawares: which ſhe diſcreaſes not by increase of wiſdome, but of weakeniſſe, nor by her long-liuing, burby her *need of dying*. To conclude, whoeuer ſhe be, ſhee's but a *Gilded Pill*, compoſde of theſe two ingredients, *defects of nature*, and an *artiſciall ſeeming of ſupplie, tempered and made vp by pride and vanity*, and may well be reckoned among theſe creatures, that God neuer made. Her picture is now drawne out, and done.